THE

Three Famous

Conjurers,

Fryer Bacon, *Bongey*, and *Vandermaſt*.

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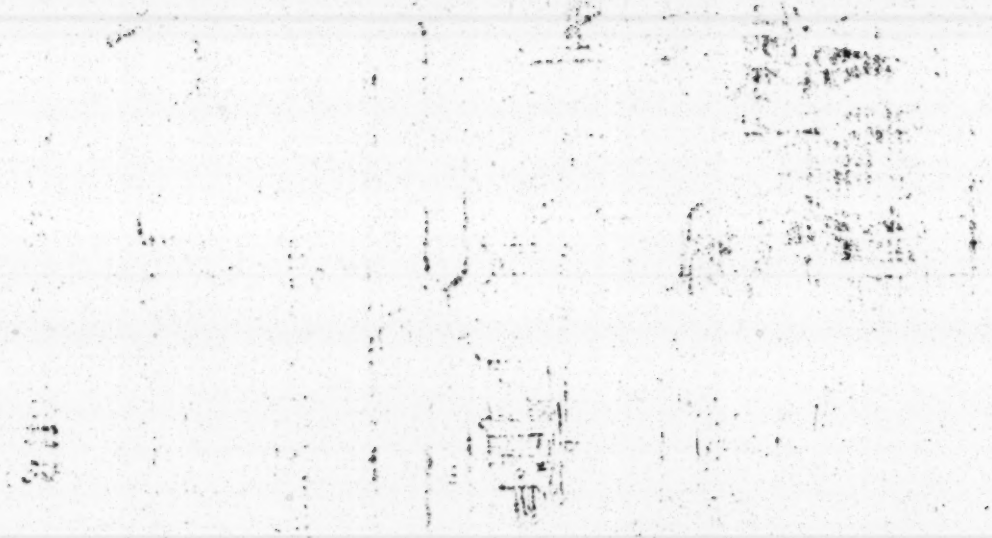

THE

Three Famous CONJURERS.

CHAP. I.

Declaring the Birth of *Fryer Bacon*, with his great deſire to Learning; alſo how he firſt became a Fryer.

AN Engliſh Fryers wondrous works
his Learned Art and Fame,
My Muſe intends now to declare,
and Bacon was his Name:
By birth he was a Farmers Son,
report doth plainly ſay,
And in the Weſt of England born,
whoſe Fame will ne'r decay.

To School his Father did him send
to th' Parson of the Town,
And he his Learning took so well,
he put his Master down:
Within his mind he was inclin'd
to Oxford for to go,
His Father was thereat displeas'd,
said, it should not be so;
Quoth he, you shall to Plow and Cart,
you Learning have good store,
To you 'twill not be worth a fart,
why should you covet more?
His Son at this took a disgust,
tho' little then did say,
Meeting with opportunity,
the Youngster ran away:
And to a Cloyster he repair'd,
where Fryars did remain,
And they did like the youth so well,
they did him entertain.
His Learning in a little time
he did improve so well,
His Fame was spead both far and near,
the rest he did excell:
His pregnant wit on wings of Fame
was carried far and near,

The

The News whereof to Oxford came,
as plainly did appear:
The Students heard he was a Youth
compleat in every part,
For him they sent, who thither went,
and shew'd to them his Art.
At Brazen-Nose he did abide,
and long time there remain'd,
In Study he took such delight,
he mighty Learning gain'd.

CHAP. II.

Declaring how the King sent for Fryer *Bacon*, and how he pleased his five senses with various fancies; also how he made a Brazen Head.

THis Bacon's Fame in little time
was spread both far and near,
Until at last it chanc'd to come
to th' King of England's ear:
In hast for Bacon then he sent,
his Skill to understand,

Who willingly unto him went,
obeying his command
Thrice welcome, quoth the King, thou art,
thou man of wondrous fame.
Whose Skill and Art hath gain'd to thee
an everlasting Name:
Let us behold some of thy Art,
of which thou hast great store,
Quoth Bacon, I'le obey my Leige,
both now and evermore.
Then waving of his Wand about,
such Musick they did hear,
As ne'r before in all their lives,
approached to their ear.
The next a Table furnished,
he did to them present,
With delicates, which gave the King
exceeding great content.
The third time that he wav'd his Wand,
there was such fragrant smell,
The King confest these sweet perfumes
all other scents excell.
Five Antiques after he did raise,
to please his Royal eye,
Who danc'd about in several shapes,
and pleas'd exceedingly.

Then

Then forreign Nations he brought in,
to give the King content,
Who did with sundry sorts of fruit,
his Majesty present:
The King was never better pleas'd
with Art which was so brave,
But as a token of his love,
to him a Jewel gave.
Which he did thankfully receive,
as story plain doth show;
That after he had taken leave,
to Oxford he did go,
And there did frame a Brazen-head,
as you for truth may read,
The like before was never known,
O this was Art indeed.
This being done, then plac'd it was
over the Study door;
The Devil told him it should speak,
one night within threescore.

CHAP. II.

How *Bacon*'s Man *Miles* watch'd the Brazen Head, and how it ſpoke and was deſtroyed; and how *Bacon* left *England*.

ONe Bongy that a Conjurer was,
with Bacon did comply,
To make the Brazen-Head to ſpeak,
they were reſolv'd to try.
So watching almoſt threeſcore nights,
drowſineſs them poſſeſt,
And Bacon order'd Miles to watch,
while they did take their reſt:
Well armed with both Gun and Sword,
as if he were to fight,
Courageous Miles to watch the Head,
ſat up by Candle-light:
To keep himſelf from ſleepineſs,
he on his Pipe did play,
At laſt the Head began to ſpeak,
(Time is:) the Head did ſay,
Then ſilent was: but Miles did think
it would ſay ſomething more:

But

But when he found he was mistook,
oh! how he Curs'd and Swore!

At length the Head the second time
did speak again (Time was.)
And Miles did presently reply,
I think you are an Ass:
Time is, Time was, is all your cry,
and tho' a noise you keep,
My Master he shall take his rest,
and Bongy he shall sleep.

(Time

(Time is paſt) the Head aloud did ſpeak,
and ſtraightway down it fell,
Away runs Miles immediately,
his Maſter for to tell.
When Bacon heard this News ſo ſtrange,
he troubled was full ſore
And ſaid, ſuch opportunity
I never ſhall have more.
To Bongey then his Books he gave,
to travel he intlin'd;
The loſs of this his Brazen-Head,
did much perplex his mind.

CHAP. IV.

Expreſſing how the Emperour *Frederick* came into *England*, and brought with him *Jaque Vandermaſt*, how he diſputed with *Bongey*; and how *Bacon* commanded his own Spirit to carry him away.

The Emperour was receiv'd in State,
by Henry England's King,

Who

Who having bravely treated him,
to Oxford did him bring,
That Vandermast well skill'd in Art,
might be disputed here,
By those brave Students at that time,
in Oxford City were.
Bongey did salute, and then
rais'd the Hesperian Tree,
With Golden Apples hanging on,
most wondrous strange to see:
This guarded by a Serpent was,
which by his Art he rais'd,
And Bongey for his Skill and Art,
exceedingly was prais'd.
Then Vandermast call'd Hercules,
which straight his Spell obeys,
And stole some Apples off the Tree,
to Bongey's great dispraise.
But then came Fryer Bacon in,
and Vandermast salutes,
So at the last did boldly ask,
what means these strange disputes?
Then Jaques asked the Fryer if
they two dispute should hold?
The Fryer quickly answer'd him,
that he was too too bold:

I scorn (said he) dispute to hold
with one of little wit,
Yet for the pranks that thou hast done,
I will thee finely fit:
And straight the Spirit he commands
to take him hence away,
Though Vandermast the Spirit rais'd,
he Bacon did obey:
Who takes the German on his back,
and through the dusky Sky,
Carries this Learned Conjurer
away to Germany.
The Conqueror was conquer'd then
by Bacon's powerful Art,
And far and near all tongues did speak
of Bacon's great desert.

CHAP. V.

Shewing how *Bacon* preſerved fair *Margaret* from Prince *Otho*'s Luſt, and how he conveyed *Vandermaſt*'s Wife to the Princes Bed.

BAcon thus ſtrangely left the Land,
and fled to th' German ſhore,
Where have Prince Edward did abide,
and many Nobles more:
Amongſt the reſt a Counteſs great,
Lord Lucy's hearts delight,
With whom Prince Otho fell in love,
ſo pleaſant was her ſight;
With Vandermaſt he did contrive
his purpoſe to effect,
And ſtrove Lord Lucy's Head to Horn,
by means moſt indirect.
This Bacon he by Art perceiv'd,
and hindred his intent;
So to the Princes wanton Bed,
Vandermaſt's Wife he ſent,
Inſtead of beauteous Margaret,
which griev'd her Husband ſore,

Who

Who was tormented in his mind,
far worse than e're before:
For in the morning he arose,
and to the Court he went,
To joy the Prince of his nights rest,
and to his discontent,
There he beheld his dearest Wife,
in his Lascivious Arms,
Thus was the German Cuckolded
by Bacons powerful Charms:
Vandermast he was much perplext,
at this most gross mistake;
To find his Wife in Margarets room,
did make his heart to ake:
He did the Devil question then,
how this same chanc'd to be,
Who told him Bacon by his Art,
his base design foresee,
And forced him to send his Wife,
to be the Princes Whore,
And Vandermast in deadly rage,
did vow revenge therefore.

CHAP. VI.

How *Vandermaſt* accuſed the Prince and the Engliſh Lords of Treachery; and how *Bacon* cleared them, and diſgraced *Vandermaſt*.

Then Vandermaſt in fretting time,
unto the Emperour goes,
And told him that our Engliſh Prince
and Nobles were his foes;
For if theſe baſe falſe Engliſh-men
at any time you truſt,
Aſſuredly you will them find
diſloyal and unjuſt:
They have conſpired with the Turk,
againſt the German Crown,
And will, if in their power it lies,
ſurrender up the Town.
The Emperour when this he heard,
was in a mighty rage,
That Arguments of reaſon could
his paſſion not aſſwage:
And ſwore by Mahs, if it were true,
the Prince therefore ſhould dye.
All this was caus'd by Vandermaſts
accurſed Villany:

Upon the Prince then hands they laid,
which Bacon well did mind,
Who ever was to England true,
and to his Country kind;
He shew'd the Emperour by his Art,
English were true and stout,
Who valiantly oppos'd the Turk,
and put them to the rout:
There might he see like Champions bold,
how bravely they did fight,
And made a slaughter of the Turks,
from morning until night.
There might he see Lord Lacy, he
the Great Turk there did slay.
Thus Bacon by his Skill and Art,
his anger did allay;
The English then toward their own Land
their Journey took with speed;
And Vandermast was much perplext,
at Bacons worthy deed;
He hang'd himself for deadly grief,
a death due for his merit;
Now see what 'tis to pollest
with a malicious Spirit.
But our two English Fryers here,
in Learning did excell;
Put mind and you shall here how they
command the Fiends of Hell.

Chap.

CHAP. VII.

How *Bacon* and *Bongey* raiſed the Spirit of fair *Roſamond*; and how they both dyed.

KIng Henry had a great deſire,
as he did then declare,
To ſee the ſhape of her who was
call'd Roſamond the fair:
Whoſe beauty won his Fathers heart,
and conquer'd all his ſenſes,
Thus you may ſee how Love bears ſway,
and rules ober Princes.
Theſe Conjurers he did acquaint
with what was his intent,
Who promis'd him the ſame to do,
and ſo to work they went:
Roſamonds Ghoſt they ſtraightway rais'd,
not one word would ſhe ſay,
Then Bongey talk'd of feeding her,
but Bacon he ſaid nay,
Then Bongey did his finger prick,
and gave her blood and bread,

She after that began to speak,
thus was the Devil fed:
The Hellish Furies all amain,
about the house did run,
Then Devil seiz'd on Bongey then,
and so his thred was spun.
But Bacon did command them all,
and they his power obey;
Then did the Ghost of Rosamond,
to Fryer Bacon say:
Since Bacon thou didst give consent
the Devil should be fed,
No food thou evermore shalt eat,
thy days are finished:
For bread like Stone to thee shall seem,
and wine like muddy shall taste;
If by fair words you hope to please,
your time you do but waste.
For bread and wine he straight way call'd
but could not eat nor drink,
And then this Learned Conjurer
could not tell what to think:
Then did he break his Magick-Glass,
his Books did also burn,
And when it was too late, alas!
he for his sins did mourn:

Craving

Craving Remission from above,
and Pardon from on high,
And did confess with aking heart,
his former vanity.
But when this news came to the King,
and did approach his ear,
He kindly came to visit him,
with many a Noble Peer.
The Fryer he was altred much,
the Bible he imbrac'd,
And said he by his wickedness,
Gods Image had defac'd.
With tears his case he did deplore,
confest his time mispent;
O that all Sinners like to him,
may of their sins repent.
He said unto his Majesty,
this comfort now I have,
Englands great King will quickly see
poor Bacon in his Grave.
Thus Death did on the Fryer seize,
his Soul from hence did flye;
And Bacon though a sinner liv'd,
a penitent did dye.
Thus you have heard how in his prime,
he seem'd to matter Hell;

And he was forc'd to stoop to Death,
that did in Art excell.
Then let us strive our lives to mend,
while we have time and space,
That when our sinful lives do end,
in Heaven we may have place.

FINIS.